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Judge

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NOT A LIVE ONE AMONG 'EM.

UNCLE SAM—"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I have nothing but these dead ones to offer you."

Judge

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THE STRAW in the goblet is the one that breaks the temperance camel's back.

* * *

THE BRIGHT LEXICON of the hustler would be still brighter if it only contained such a word as "enough."

* * *

THIS IS the soaking, sizzling time of the year at which the fat man is perfectly fitted and happy in a skeleton suit of clothes.

* * *

TO THE PATRIOT and lover of good government a thought of 1904 in which Roosevelt does not figure is like a straw without a julep.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT who may or may not know what he is talking about aptly remarks that the highly popular and the highly unpopular road vehicle should be known as the juggernautomobile.

* * *

THE EPICURE, while eating the fried clam, is very apt to experience a high-water condition of rampant, nickel-plated joy that the said clam never experienced in the flesh—or, rather, in the shell—at any stage of the tide.

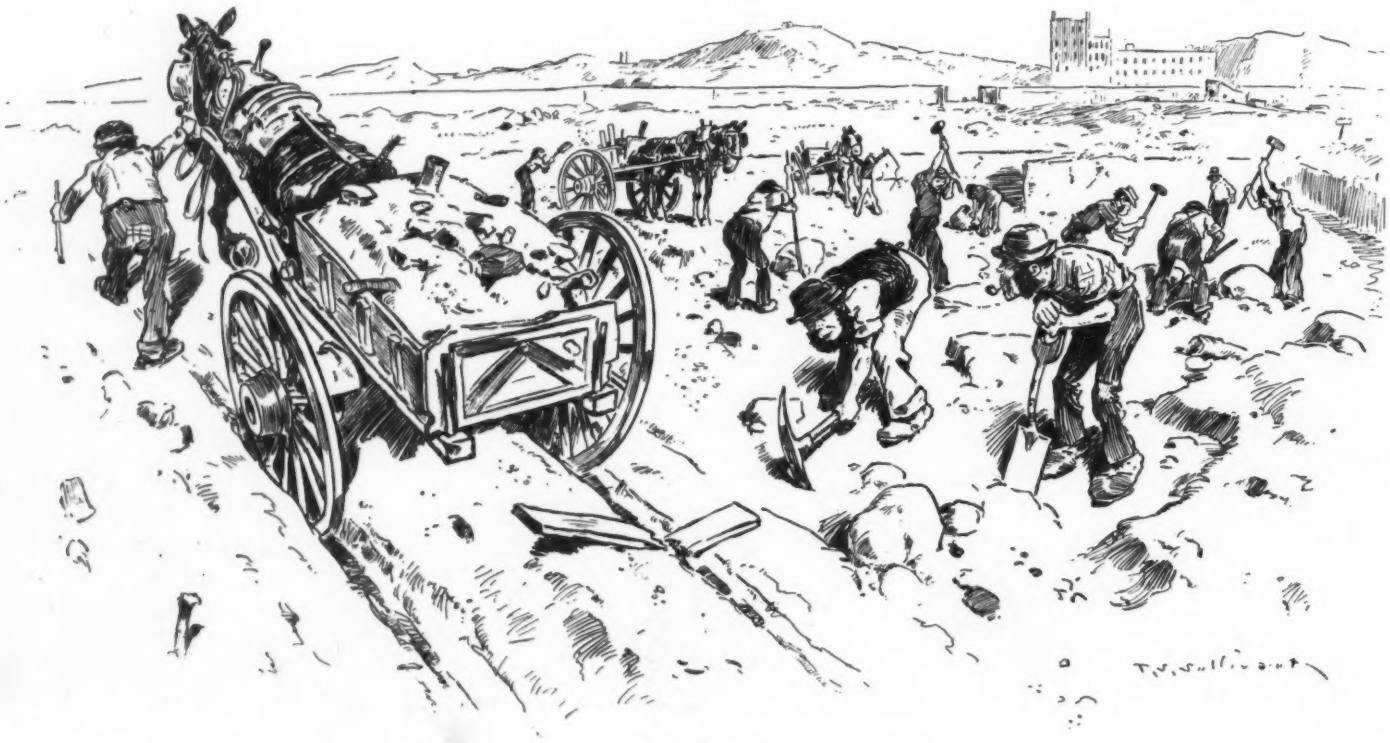
THE SUMMER WEATHER is apt to be so cold and clammy at times that the up-to-date preacher may soon have to practice the art of reversing and varying his meteorological prayers to suit weather conditions, and also to fill with joy the hearts of the merry farmers, whether they want wet weather, that their corn may properly ripen, or dry weather, that their turkeys may prosper and develop into a ripe and juicy youth.

* * *

THE WORST and most painful form of slavery that exists in a free country is that which is known in this land as the white slavery of the workingmen who cheerfully and loyally bend the knee in homage to the most subtle and malignant of all acknowledged despots—the walking delegate. This red-handed plug-ugly seems to have his subjects under control to such an extent that he can handle them as he pleases. They come and go at his beck and call, and respond to his whistle like so many hunting-dogs. They bow and scrape with fear and trembling before him whom they proclaim and acknowledge to be their guide and master. And yet they marvel at their condition, and seem to glory in their fate. If they did not they would refuse to listen to his commands to stop work and leave the factory, but would consider their own welfare and the future of those depending upon them for their daily bread, and continue to execute the hammer-solo that means golcondas of the pie of the realm and all the prosperity that the term implies. It is to be hoped that the laboring men will waken from the industrial nightmare in which they are now groping and stumbling, and kick and smash and granulate the idol before whom they are now sprawling in the dust with a worshipful enthusiasm worthy of a better cause.

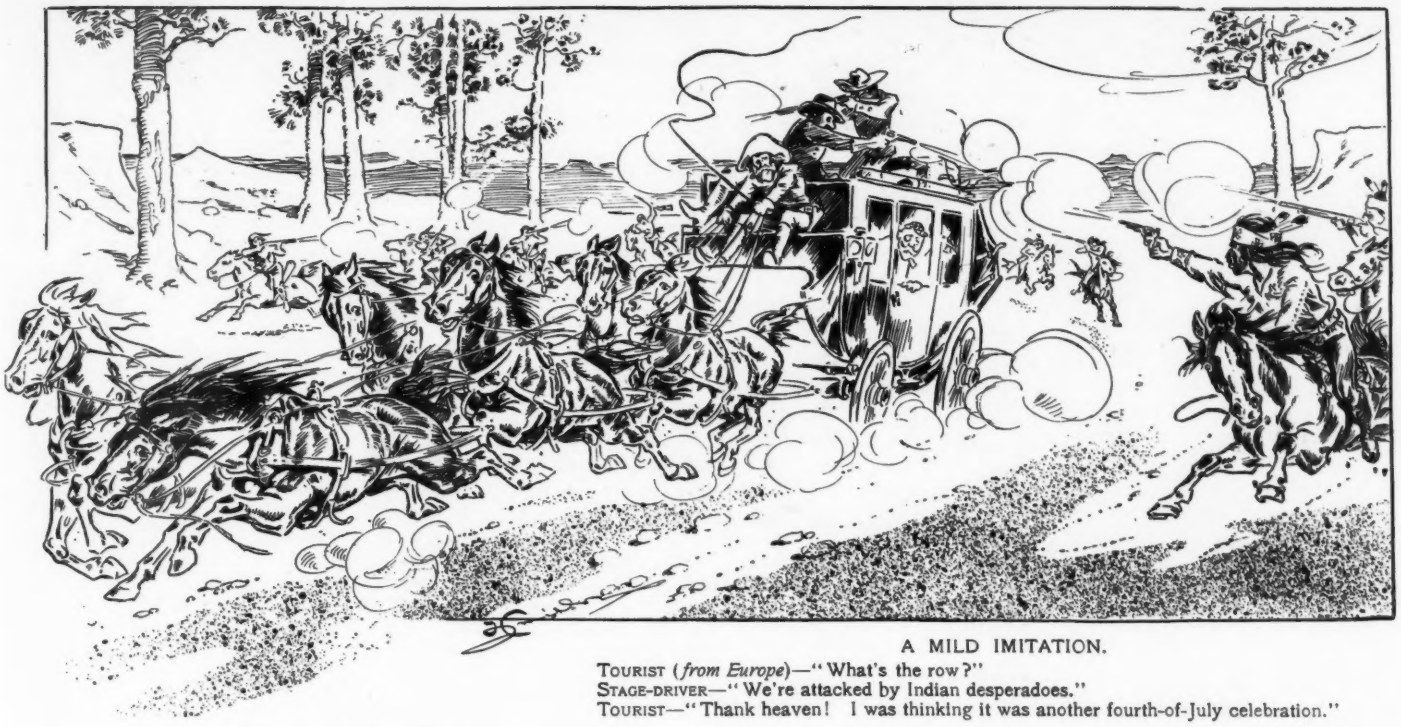
* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is now busily engaged in taking stock, in a wild desire to ascertain if it has or has not an available candidate for a successful run. The various champions of free trade, anarchy, and other Democratic ideals are now being weighed and sifted and patched up to see if it is possible to find or build up an Elijah out of a Jonah. Their defects are being covered and gilded until one with a lively appreciation of the ridiculous cannot help thinking of the backwoods agriculturist frescoing and decorating a worthless equine for the open market. On the scales of public sentiment the Princeton Nimrod weighs much less than on those of commerce. In fact, his weight on the former scales would give one the impression that he is agile, sylph-like, and of the fly-away order. David Peanut Hill is also an all-round lobster of disappointment to thinkers who have a fair appreciation of that which constitutes value in a continuous political candidate. No matter how he is weighed in the balance, he is always found wanting that which does not come within the radius of his reach. In fact, the Democratic party has about as hopeless and unreliable a stable of runners as can well be imagined. They are all due, and many of them long overdue, for the boneyard of political hope. They are without a future, and a number of them are playing off alive with more success than does the opossum when he plays off dead. Who will be the standard-bearer of this badly-wrecked aggregation of hangers-on and grafters is the question that now interests the country to a much greater extent than do the forecasts of how hollow and empty will be his chances of success. He will make a great noise, and be money in the pocket of the banner portrait-painter, as well as in that of the man who bets against him.



A BLESSING.

CASEY—"Th' Digger Indians are so unintellectool thot they can't count above t'ree."
CASSIDY—"Well, thot's some consolation if they hov a lar-rge family av children."



A MILD IMITATION.

TOURIST (*from Europe*)—"What's the row?"
STAGE-DRIVER—"We're attacked by Indian desperadoes."
TOURIST—"Thank heaven! I was thinking it was another fourth-of-July celebration."

A SEASIDE CHAT.

"HOW do you do?" said the man-o'-war as he sailed in past the lightship Arabella B.

"Why, howdydo, Mr. Newsarge?" replied the lady lightship, waving her bow at him.

"How are you enjoying light housekeeping?" asked the man-o'-war, continuing his progress up the channel.

"Pretty well," she answered; "but it is so hard to keep my buoys behaving properly. I think two or three of them ran away last night. If you see any of them playing about in the channel please tell them to hurry home, won't you?"

"Oh, don't be too severe with them," urged the man-o'-war. "We older fellows can get along all right, even if they do try to play pranks on us. Remember that buoys will be buoys."

And he bade her farewell as he turned to salute the fortress gallantly.

THE wife seems disposed to hark back somewhat into the distant past.

"You are not like you used to be," she says to the husband. "I remember how you used to swear that I was an angel."

"Well," replies the brutal man, "you haven't changed much. You are as flighty as ever."

A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION.

THE demure comedienne has closed with the impresario, and has agreed to create the leading rôle in the new comic opera.

"And now," says the impresario, "what figure would you want for the season?"

"Oh," she titters, with an affectation of embarrassment, "had we not best leave that to the costumer?"

RONDEAU FOR JULY.

JULY is dull as autumn gray
When fair Priscilla goes away
To some far-distant summer place,
In dainty chiffon and fine lace,
And leaves the town for many a day.

Alas! I miss her presence gay,
Her folly and her laughing way;
And when I do not see her face
July is dull.

What charms have high roof-gardens, pray,
Or any trivial summer play,
For one like me? Sad were my case
If joys so slight I should embrace.
For me and those of my poor clay
July *is* dull.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WARY.

Mrs. Farmer—"Here, my poor man, are some cold sausages."

Weary Willie—"'Scuse me, mum, but don't your sign say 'Beware of the dog'?"

1.

2.

3.

4.

A BARREL OF TROUBLE.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

JOSEPHINE HALL IN "KNICKERBOCKER GIRL."

You're quite as popular in Natchez as in Cork;
You simply win all hearts in 'Frisco and New York.
Wherever you may go you keep the crowd alive—
'Tis dreary when you leave and gay when you arrive.
And if you could but be at once in all these towns,
That o'er your acting rave as o'er your stunning gowns,
You'd make ten thousand times what now you make, and still
It would be well deserved, because you fill the bill.

SUCH A MISUNDERSTANDING!

"WHEN I saw that she was almost beyond my control," said the railway engineer, "I threw her over"——

"Brute!" ejaculated a gentleman wearing eye-glasses and grassy whiskers, who was unintentionally straining his ears to overhear the conversation.

"It didn't do any good," continued the engineer, "so I shut her off; but still she was jumping pretty hard and sliding around"——

"Infamous!" said the grassy-whiskered man. Sliding around; so I give her air"——

"Ah, then you have some little instinct of kindness," growled the incensed listener.

"But it wasn't any use, and so I jumped and got away just when she began to smash things."

"And I don't blame her one bit!" asserted the man with the eye-glasses and the grassy beard. "It's a pity she didn't smash you, so you couldn't come here and boast of your cruelty. I am not surprised at the number of divorces nowadays."

THE REAL TROUBLE.

"I DO not think," said the sapient gentleman, "that the trouble lies so much in 'English as she is spoke.'"

"No?" asked the other person.

"No. The difficulty, to my mind, is in English as she is understood."

SARCASM.

"Every one tells me I have a splendid face for light comedy."

"How could you help it with that lantern jaw?"

NIGHTMARELESS SLEEP.

"NO," SAID the gentleman who had occupied "lower seven" in the sleeper, "I never have nightmares."

"I should not imagine you would have," observed the gentleman who had tried to sleep in "upper seven." "I fancy you have progressed beyond the old-fashioned nightmare stage."

"I hardly understand you, sir," said the first gentleman.

"Why, I heard you snoring all night, and you snored just like an auto-horn sounds."

LOCAL HISTORY.

TOURIST—"I understand Pinchi!t, the bank-defaulter, came out here with all the money he stole."
ARIZONA BILL—"Ya-as; he got here an' the boys got the money."
TOURIST—"The whole fifty thousand?"
ARIZONA BILL—"Wa-al, they got thirty thousand an' hung him up fer the rest."

HE HAD TO RADIATE MONEY.

MR. MUCHMONN, his wife and three daughters were staying at the Mostex-Pensive hotel, in the Adirondacks. As a means of entertaining the guests, the manager of the hotel engaged a lecturer who gave a demonstration of the latest researches in scientific fields. After one of his lectures mamma and the girls were telling papa all about it. He had not been able to attend, owing to an imperative demand for his presence and advice and assistance in opening a series of jack-pots in a little room on the third floor.

"It was just lovely, papa!" said the youngest daughter.

"So educational, too," averred the second daughter.

"And so helpful to the mind," chimed in the eldest daughter.

"It certainly was of benefit to all present," said mamma.

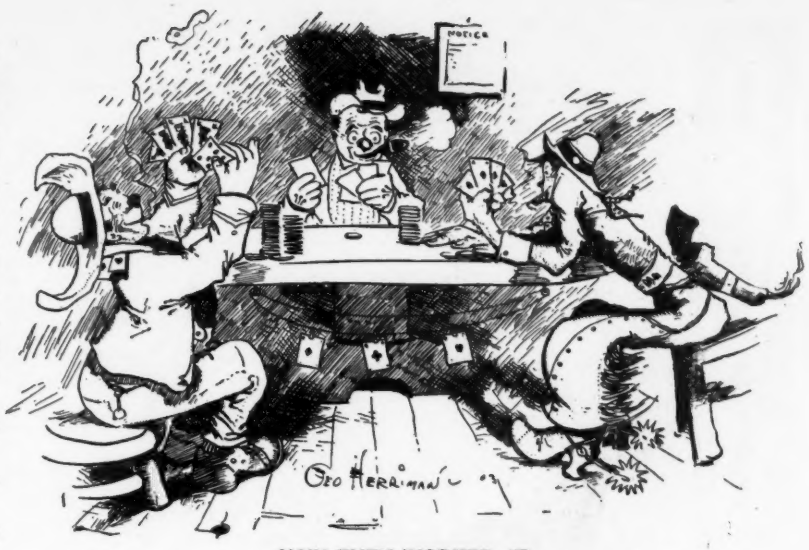
"What did he tell about?" asked papa, who was not in a happy mood, having on different occasions overestimated the possibilities of the draw; also underestimated his opponents' hands.

"About radium," explained mamma.

"What is radium—some new dress-goods or a breakfast-food?"

"No; it's a new substance which constantly gives off parts of itself and still never diminishes in size or quantity."

"Huh! That fellow must have been trying to tell you women what your idea of my pocket-book is."

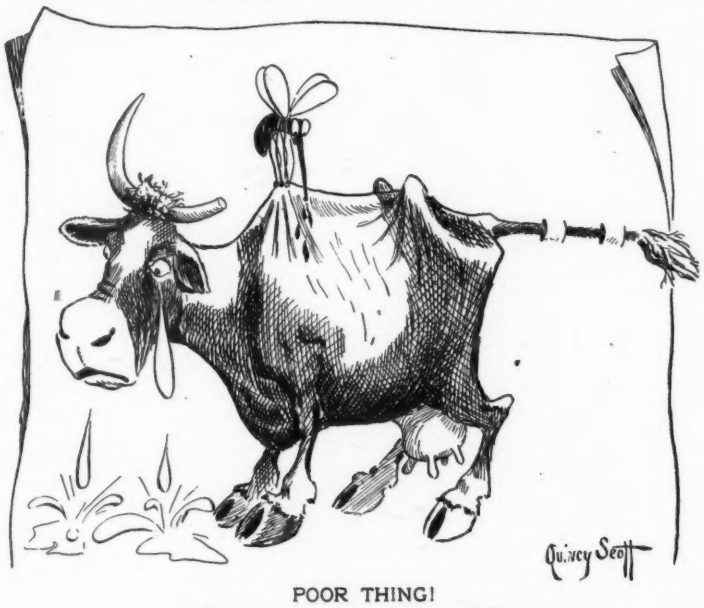


HOW THEY WORKED IT.

BILL BITTERS—"As I said before, stranger, Hank and I, here, has carried on some purty nifty deals."

STRANGER—"Working hand-in-hand, I suppose?"

BILL BITTERS—"Thet's it—handin' hands."



POOR THING!

Why weeps the cow? Why don't she give
The fly a swishing shoo?
See how the artist drew her tail—
What can the poor cow do?

AT THE TOUCANNERY.

A FELLOW who slaughtered two toucans
Said, "I shall put them into two cans."
Two canners who heard
Said, "You'll be a bird
If you can put two toucans in two cans."

AN AFFAIR OF LETTERS.

WE ARE much surprised at meeting little Polly Contossel, formerly of Bowersville, in England.

"Why, Polly!" we say, "how is it we find you here?"

"Polly?" she repeats with a dignity we never knew she possessed. "Lady Oledebts, if you please."

An apology on our part establishes friendly relations once more, and she tells us that she really has won and wedded Lord Oledebts, and that her father's dollars are being expended in the refurbishing of the Oledebts castle.

"But," we say, "it was rumored in Bowersville that you were hesitating in your choice between three honest farmer lads in the vicinity. How was it, then, that you married his lordship?"

"Oh," she titters, "he came to Bowersville one day. When I saw him I dropped my eyes and he began dropping his h's, and it wasn't long until he induced me to drop my j's, and now we are both making papa drop his v's and x's."

NEAR-SIGHTED.

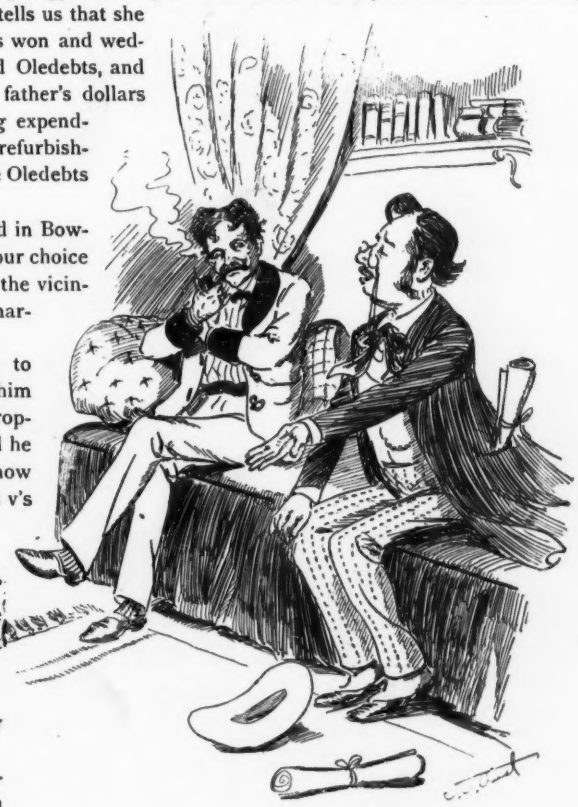
"Gracious! I will have to get stronger glasses. I can't see to read any more."

"DON'T do that, your majesty," urged Nero's advisers as he seized a torch and was about to start on his incendiary tour of the city.

"I've got to," he growled.

"But think of the future," they begged.

"I do. How are they ever going to have a spectacular third act in any of the historical dramas based on my life if I don't give them the proper material?"



GETTING EVEN.

FRIEND—"So the editor called you a literary hack?"

POET—"Yes; but I got even. I called him a literary fire-engine."

HOW DREADFUL!

"IN THE wild and woolly west, dear boy," sighed Archibald, "the men are terribly crude in their living, don't you know."

"I should imagine so," simpered Ferdinand.

"Ya-as, oh, ya-as. Why, do you know, not a man on my fathaw's ranch has a valet."

"Since you mention it, dear fellaw, I recall reading somewhere that everybody of any pwominence in the—aw—the region you mention has killed his man."

"Really, it is true, 'pon my word."

"And why did he kill him? Couldn't the man tie a scarf properly? Sometimes, when my man bungles my cravat so atrociously, I am almost tempted to feel as if I could have an inclination to murder him, bah Jove!"

"Bah Jove! so do I," said Archibald, as if he were wondering why he never had realized that he had felt that way when he did feel that way.

IRIDESCENT.

"HE IS a gilded fool," we say with fine scorn, referring to the shallow-pated youth who is possessed of all his papa's money and none of his papa's sense.

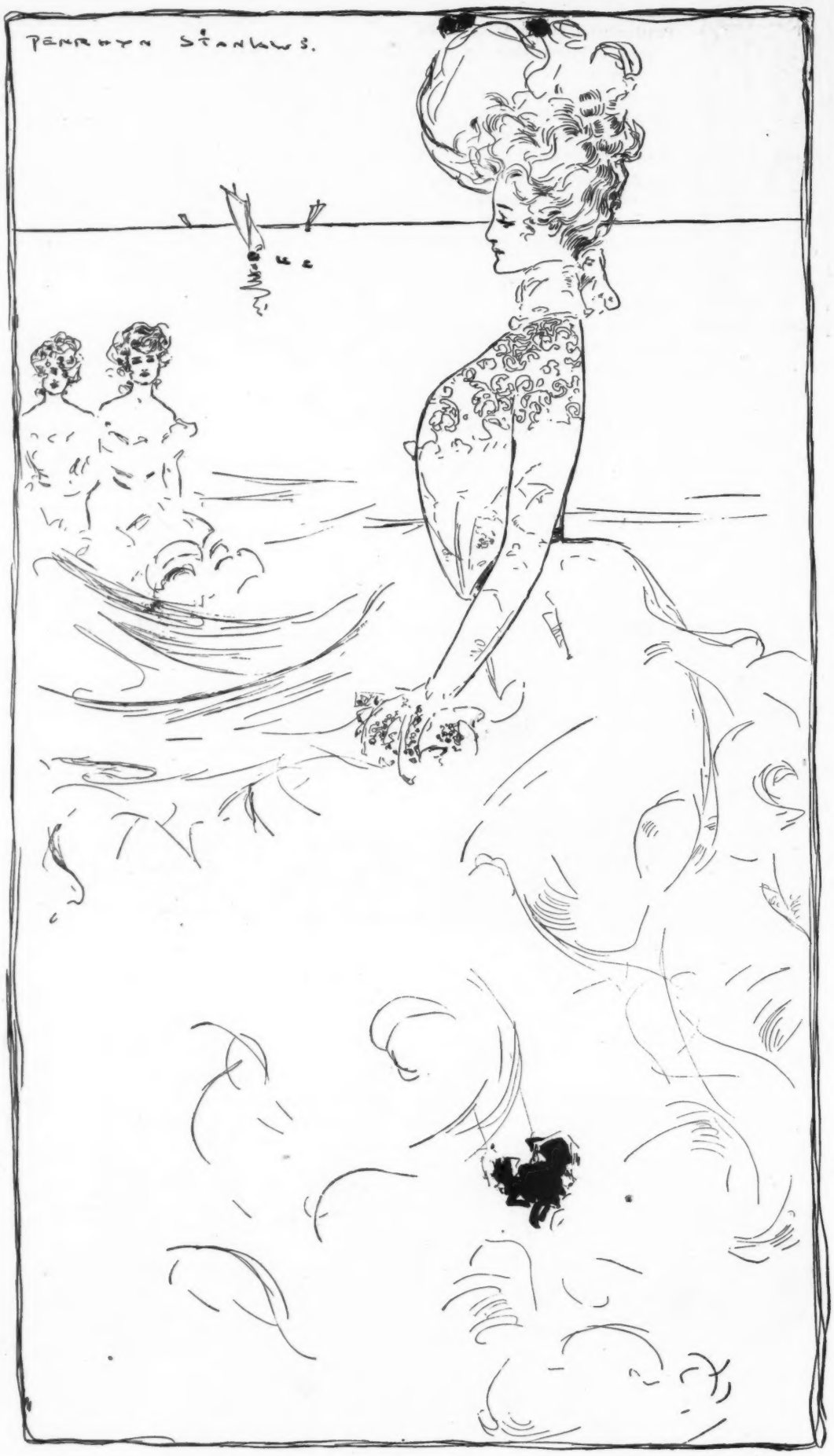
"Possibly so," concedes the impressionable damsel at our side; "possibly so. But you must acknowledge that, for a gilded object, he takes on a very high polish."

There were further arguments we could make, but why press them?

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Mrs. Closefist—"Oh, do give me a new bonnet, my dear! It will set all my friends talking."

Closefist—"If you're after notoriety, why don't you get the old one made over? That will make your friends talk twice as much."



A PRIME ESSENTIAL.

FIRST MAID OF THE SEA—"I don't want to be loved for my money, like Ethel."
SECOND MAID OF THE SEA—"Well, if you want to be loved for yourself alone you've got to have it."

DREAMS.

MAD ambition in me burning,
Long had tortured me in vain
As I plodded toward the turning
Of a very weary lane.
But when life was far from sunny
Full there flashed a golden gleam—
I became possessed of money,
And I thought it was a dream.

Though I am serenely callous
Ordinary things unto,
Still I would prefer a palace
To a cabin—wouldn't you?
Now, to gratify my wishes,
Now fulfill my every scheme—
Yes, but that was too delicious,
And I felt it was a dream.

Love had caught me in his meshes,
Happiest of prisoners;
Gold was good and doubly precious
As prophetically hers.
This were happiness ideal,
Incontestable, supreme,
And though certain to be real—
Still I thought it was a dream.

Soon I found myself relating
How I loved in phrase sublime.
When I ceased she kept me waiting
Some considerable time.
Then at length she spoke with ready
Answer vague in the extreme,
"Eight o'clock, sir! Breakfast's ready!"
Then I knew it was a dream.

EUGENE GEARY.

THE MODERN FORM.

"THIS abnormal specimen," says the professor of reptology, pointing to the glass jar containing the exhibit, "is what we call, for want of a better name, the two-headed garter-snake."

"Why not call it the hose-supporter snake?" asks a demure damsel in the front row, who immediately subsides into intense blushes.

CONDITIONAL.

"Moike, will yez love me always wid all yure heart?"

"Shure, unless Oi hov heart-failure."

HEARD AT NEWPORT.

MISS CUTTING—"How did you come—by Boston special?"
MR. OLDBOY—"No; by special providence. I came in an automobile."

HAPPY MAN.

"PAPA greatly enjoys going to the vaudeville shows," said the gentle damsel.

"He does?" asked the young man. "Does he like to see the acrobatic turns or the dancing?"

"No; I think he likes the popular songs best."

"But I thought he was so deaf he couldn't hear a word."

"He is. That's why he enjoys them."

A FRANK CONFESSION.

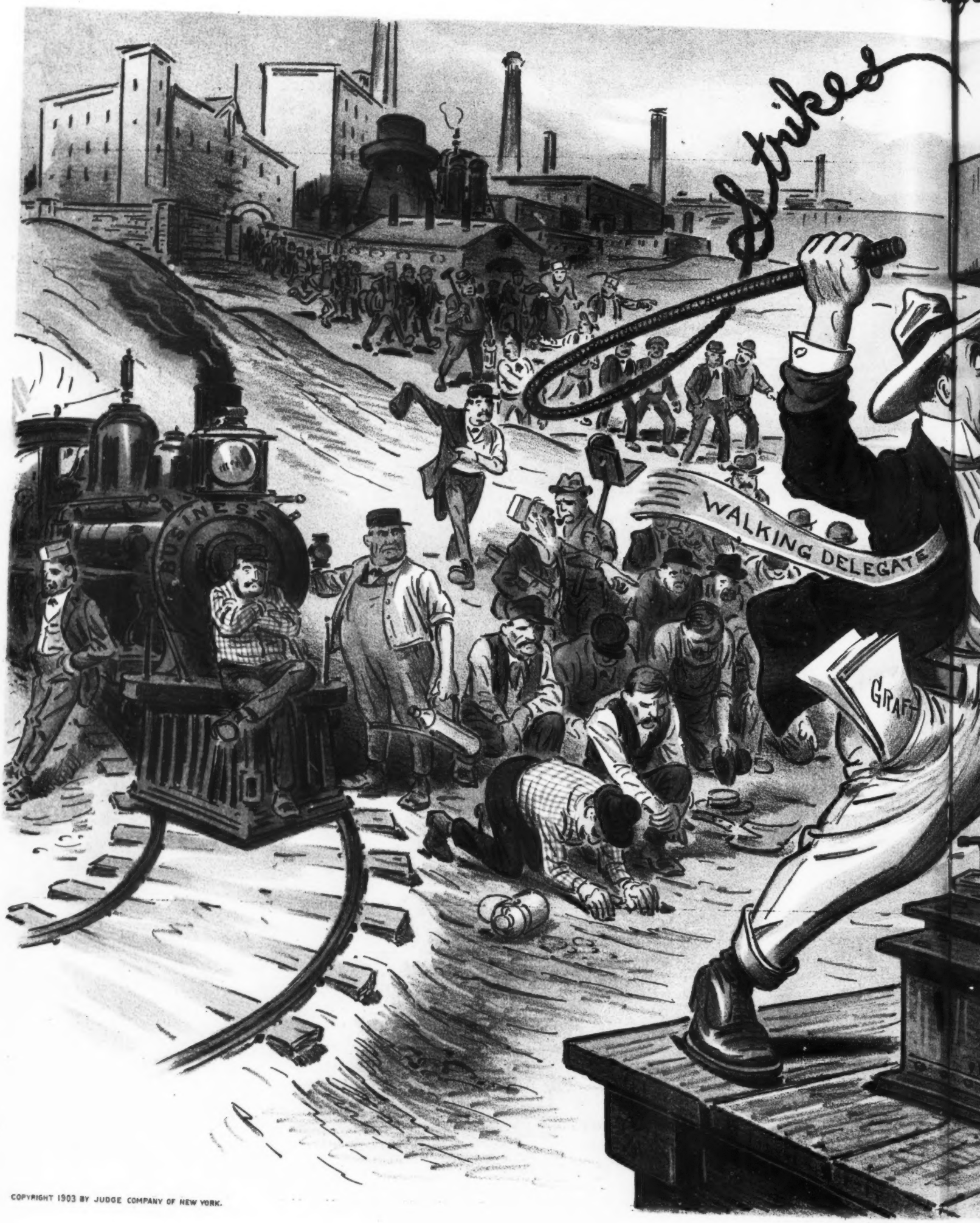
Doctor—"Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I'm sure of it."

Patient—"So you're very familiar with the disease?"

Doctor—"I should say so! I've had it myself all my life."

A STRENUOUS FELLOW.

JUNIOR PARTNER—"Young Jones has overstayed his vacation five days. Shall we fire him?"
SENIOR PARTNER—"No; promote him. That shows he ain't afraid of hard work."



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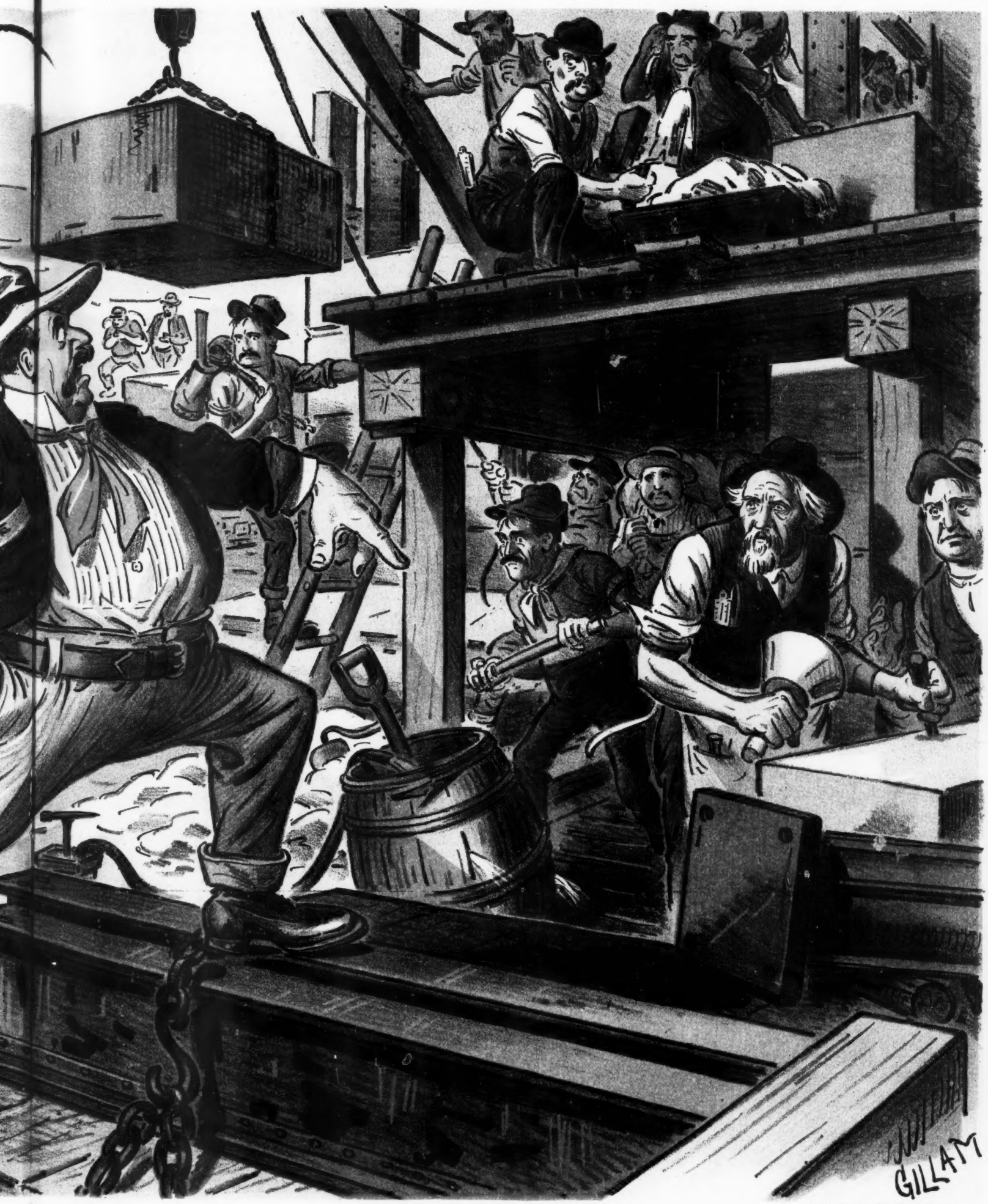
WHITE SLAV



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SLAVERY.

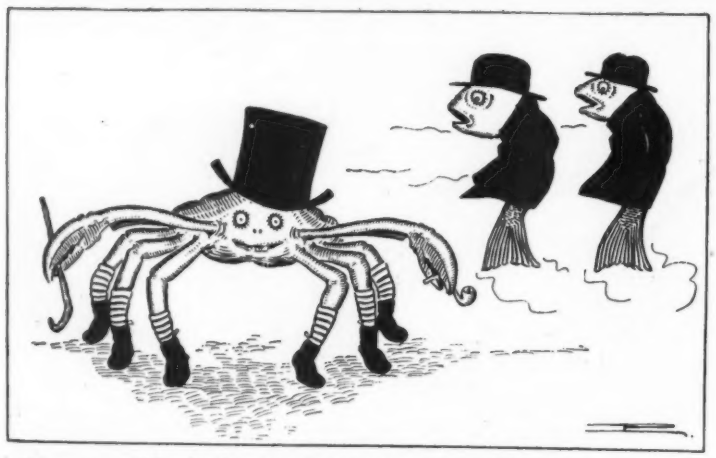
SHE CRUSHED HIM.

"CASSANDRA," sighs our hero, "there is something within me that thrills me to the innermost recesses of my soul. I must tell you of the haunting heaviness, of the doubt, the dread, the pain that fills me"——

"Percival," titters our heroine, "have you been eating green apples?"

Madge—"Nellie says she is twenty-four."

Marjorie—"Yes; twenty-four, marked down from thirty-nine."



THE SHAD—"Why did the union make Crab a walking delegate?"
THE PIKE—"Because he's the only one down here that could fill the position."

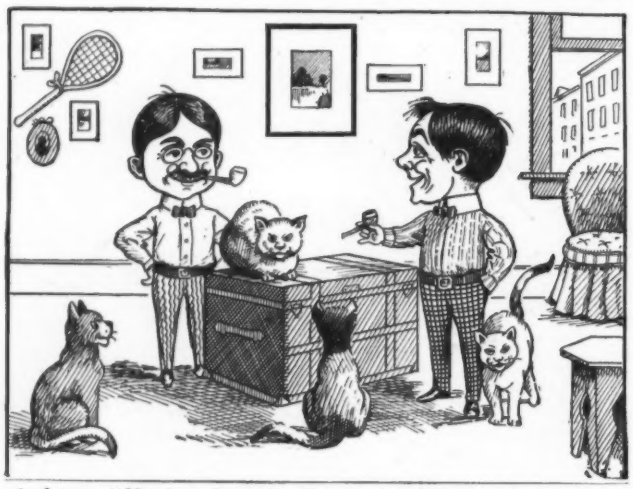
A STAMP WASTED.

PETTISHLY she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly "here is a letter-box, but you might know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."

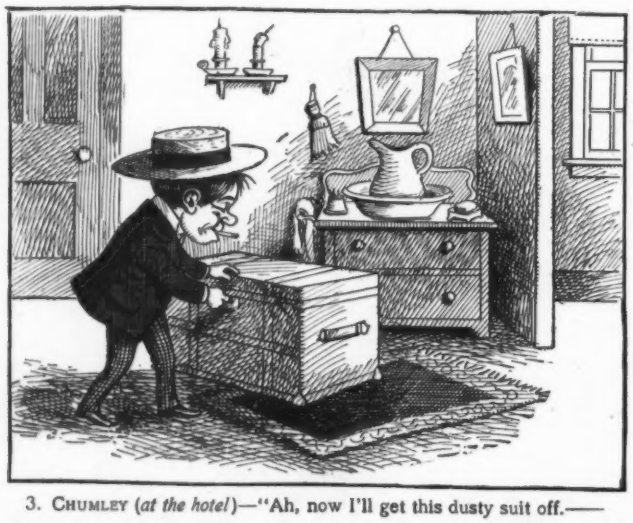
Mrs. Crabshaw—"My first husband had much better sense than you have."

Crabshaw—"I don't see why. We were both foolish enough to marry you."



1. JONES—"Here's a chance to play a joke on Chumley before the expressman calls for his trunk.——

2. ——Yes, we've got everything fastened to the cats. Now we'll put them all back in the trunk."



3. CHUMLEY (*at the hotel*)—"Ah, now I'll get this dusty suit off.——

4. ——Great Scott! how did those cats ever get in this trunk?"

5. DEACON SCUDDER—"By gum! if there hain't a lot o' city cats goin' on a vacation."

6. Next morning. The return of the cats with everything but the trunk and Chumley.

WHY CHUMLEY CAME HOME.

Mrs. Gabbie—"No, indeed; I don't have that woman doctor any more."

Mrs. Ascum—"Why, I thought you liked her?"

Mrs. Gabbie—"Oh, she got to be hateful. She used to keep the thermometer in my mouth nearly all the time so that I couldn't say a word while she monopolized the conversation."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"The boy or girl of no more than grammar-school education, who can speak their own language grammatically is a rarity."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Whew! Say it again, please."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

"Did you say a chicken chews its food with its gizzard?" asked the little boy with the high forehead.

"Yes; that is particularly the process."

"If that is the case," he queried, "how can a chicken tell whether it has the toothache or the stomach-ache?"—*Washington Star.*

A DELIGHTFUL HYGIENIC LIQUEUR distilled from the strengthening herbs of the tropics, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine.

Lady customer—"How much material is required for a bathing-suit?"

Wise salesman—"It depends altogether whether you are going to bathe at Ocean Grove or Atlantic City."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters are the *best*. Refuse imitations. At grocers' and druggists'.

He—"Did you notice that woman who just passed?"

She—"What, the one with the dyed hair and false teeth and nasty ready-made clothes on, all tied up with ribbons and things? No, I didn't notice her particularly."—*Punch.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

Highest Grade Havana Cigars

Manuel Lopez & Co.,

9-11 Thames St. - New York

35-37 Randolph St. - Chicago, Ill.

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot."

"Which s-spot, sir?" gasped the green tent-boy.—*Chicago News.*

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass and let the vintage be *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

He (after a tiff)—"Going home to your mother, eh?"

She—"Yes, I am."

He—"Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?"

She—"She'll say, 'I told you so.'" (He made up.)—*New York Weekly.*

"Poor man!" she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her automobile, "have you a wife?"

"No," he groaned; "this is the worst thing that ever happened to me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The waiter (gently hinting)—"Excuse me, but you've forgotten something."

The guest—"Indeed! Well, please give it to me, my honest fellow."—*Kansas City Independent.*

BRAIN BUILDING.

HOW TO FEED NERVOUS CASES.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate gray matter. Proof of the power of the brain food Grape-Nuts is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago, when working very hard as a court stenographer, I collapsed physically and then nervously, and was taken to the State Hospital for the insane, at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac.

"They had to keep me in a strait-jacket and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain-work for years until last fall, when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases. One of these was a murder case and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had built up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts and used the food more regularly.

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble, eight years ago, I would never have collapsed, and this dark spot in my life would never have happened. Grape-Nuts' power as a brain food is simply wonderful and I do not believe any stomach is so weak that it cannot digest this wonderful food. I feel a delicacy about having my name appear in public, but if you think it would help any poor sufferer you can use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There are desserts and desserts. The delicious health-giving kind are told about in the little recipe-book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

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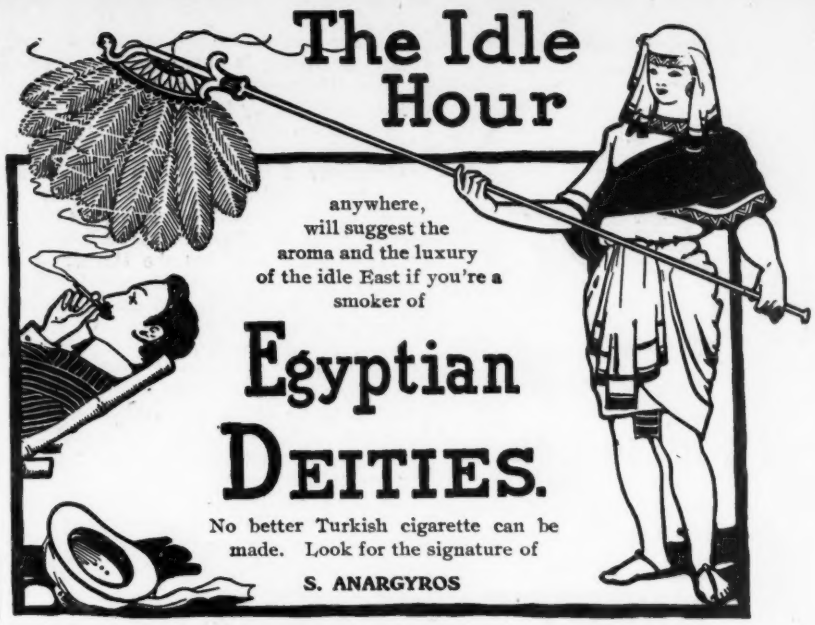
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it *to-day.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

EASY MONEY For Barbers, Cigar or Newsdealers, and responsible hustlers Address Chas. Johnson, P.O.B. 897, Chicago



Maude—"Generally speaking, women are"——

Nasty man (interrupting)—"Yes, they are."

Maude—"Are what?"

Nasty man—"Generally speaking."—*Boston Globe.*

"We've invented a new guessing-game."

"What is it?"

"Why, we get out in the park, throw away the almanac, and try to guess the season of the year from the weather."—*Chicago Post.*

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We all like a good share of both. The greatest ease and comfort and luxury in shaving, are only obtainable by using Williams' Shaving Stick. No cup, just the shaving stick and brush. One stick affords 300 shaves.

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Hi Tragedy—"Yes, I'm with Bigstar's company now. I get a hundred a week."

Lowe Comedy—"Say! you'd be in luck if you only got the difference."

Hi Tragedy—"The difference? What do you mean?"

Lowe Comedy—"The difference between what you get and what you say you get."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Yes, I hope to go to Europe this year, Jane."

"Do you, Millie? How nice! When do you start?"

"I can tell you better in the morning. The young man who will buy the tickets is coming up to-night to propose."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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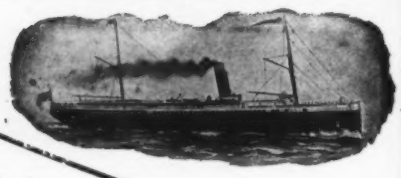
JANE—"Law, mum! now I should 'ave thought they wouldn't cost more'n twenty cents apiece."



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"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.'"

After a few moments a boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."—*The Wasp.*

Crusteigh—"How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the balcony?"

Gayboy—"Well, now that I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

"I am a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Pears'

Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so. It wears as thin as a wafer.

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IT'S RIGHT!"

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has a smack of its own

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LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
ARE THE BEST
BUY THEM.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

It turned her head. The gown was not
By any means a perfect fit,
Some ugly wrinkles it had got
And down the back the seams were split.
The sleeves were short and all too tight,
And showed long lines of basting thread;
But, though it was "a perfect sight,"
It turned her head.

The colors fairly seemed to shriek—
A purple, trimmed with blue and green,
With salmon bows—a gaudy freak;
A gaudier was never seen.
No tint but did the other kill;
One looked upon the thing with dread.
I shuddered at the sight, but still
It turned her head.

It fairly turned her head, and yet
The woman's taste was reckoned good.
Among a most exclusive set
A leader she unchallenged stood.
But, then, she did not wear the dress;
She saw it. Though 'twas not well-bred.
Just as it passed her, I confess,
It turned her head.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

Perfect digestion makes life enjoyable. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters make healthy stomachs.

Sharpe—"This paper says in its 'Answers-to-correspondents' column that the editor settles no bets."

Whealton—"I guess that's right. He's never paid me that twenty he lost on the election."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"You think he went ter heaven?"

"No doubt dat he went dar—de mule kicked him sky-high! De only question is—did he git in?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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The logical result of
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We send our own buyer there every year to get the best that are grown, and we pay for them twice what common hops cost.

A partner in our business buys our barley, and selects the best from all.

We get our water from six wells, bored to rock.

Our yeast is all developed from the original mother cells which helped make Schlitz Beer famous.

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filter air

All the air that touches Schlitz Beer comes to it through air filters.

And the beer itself is filtered through white wood pulp.

Then we age it for months, until it cannot cause biliousness.

We sterilize every bottle.

Yet Schlitz Beer
costs only
common beer
prices

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For Reasons
of State

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"No; he once had a half interest in a race-horse."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"What we need is not a larger supply of money, but more highly developed forms of credit."

"That's just it, but do you know that sort of thing wouldn't go with my tailor."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Mrs. Knicker—"Is Mrs. Jones a well-informed woman?"

Mrs. Bocker—"Yes, indeed; her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"What's the cause of that infernal racket on the floor above?" asked the customer.

"I think," said the bar-tender, his cheek paling, as he listened, "it's one of these Democratic-harmony dinners."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Teacher—"Willie, if one horse can run a mile in two minutes and another horse can do it in three minutes, how far apart will they be at the end of eight miles?"

Willie—"Madam, I was brought up strictly. Above all things, my parents have warned me to avoid horse-racing. Consequently I cannot answer your question."—*Toledo Blade.*

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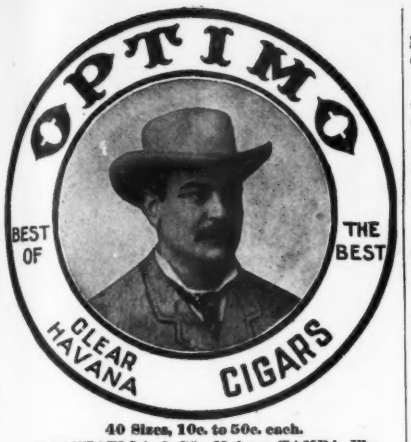
"Poor fellow!" sighed the armless wonder. "He must have died hard."—*Chicago News.*

"How perfectly the girl-graduates keep step."

"Yes; the orchestra is playing the wedding music from 'Lohengrin.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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"Our colleges turn out some pretty good men nowadays," remarked the elderly gentleman.

"Yes," replied his son, gloomily, "our college turned out the man who was sure to have won the hundred-yard dash for us next year—just because he didn't pass any of his examinations."—*Syracuse Herald.*

"Well, then, what is your idea of the difference between a 'fiddler' and a violinist?"

"A fiddler is one who plays the fiddle; a violinist is one who knows how to play the fiddle."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Woman!" roared Bender at breakfast, "what right have you to insinuate that I came home intoxicated last night?"

"Y—you tried to light your cigar coming up the lawn," sobbed Mrs. Bender.

"Well, madam, is there anything extraordinary in a gentleman lighting his cigar in the lawn?"

"Y—you tried to light it with a lightning-bug."—*Chicago News.*

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